

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION

No. 301.]

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1857.

[Price 1d.]



THE TRAVELLERS OVERTHROWN DURING THE STORM.

A WREATH OF SMOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

FLORA was reclining upon the sofa, with a volume of "Missionary Enterprises" in her hand, when No. 301. 1857.

her aunt entered the room, closed the door behind her, and seated herself beside the invalid.

"That is an interesting work," she observed to her niece.

"Very," replied Flora; "how much these men

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endured in the cause of religion, and how much good they did!"

"They had to make great sacrifices, Flora."

"Yes, they were surrounded by enemies, and had to labour constantly, and to give up all pleasures and even comforts, in order to promote the happiness of those from whom they had received only injuries."

"They have a lighter task, Flora, who are surrounded by friends, and who are called upon to perform a labour of love for those from whom they have received only kindness."

"That does not fall to the lot of all."

"To all, or almost all in this happy land," said Mrs. Sterndale, "there are labours of love, and sacrifices of love, to be made by the lowliest Christian; and my observation especially applies to the dear girl whom I am now addressing."

"What can you mean?" said Flora, looking up in surprise; "I have no power to do anything; I am a poor, weak, broken—" her voice faltered, and she did not complete the sentence.

"There is one thing that you can do, Flora, and that you ought to do—relieve the mind of your fond mother by obeying implicitly the directions given for your cure. Your labour of love, your sacrifice of self-will, may be summed up in two words, *cheerful obedience*."

"I cannot," murmured Flora.

"Oh, my dear niece, let me not hear that word again. Were you called upon to resign comfort, fortune, life itself, for the sake of your parents, I believe that your love would be found equal to the test; and yet you can wear out their lives with anxiety, break their peace, disappoint their hopes, and destroy their domestic comfort, rather than make an effort to shake off this depression, and devote your energies to making them happy."

"I am sure that I often wish that I were in my grave," sobbed the unhappy Flora; "I soon shall be."

"You certainly will, if you continue to pursue the course which you are now adopting."

"This is a weary, weary life."

"It is a life full of trial, my love; but we must not ungratefully close our eyes to its blessings. God has given us much to enjoy, and he has commanded his children to rejoice. I often think of these words:—

'Not to have known a treasure's worth,
Till time hath stolen away the slighted boon,
Is cause of half the misery we feel,
And makes this world the wilderness it is.'

"I know that I am very wretched," said Flora, weeping.

Mrs. Sterndale was silent for a minute; then, laying her hand affectionately upon that of her niece, she said in a soothing tone, "My dear child, I should be unwilling, indeed, even to appear to intrude myself into your confidence; but if you have any secret grief weighing upon your heart, it may be a relief to you to unburden it to a sincere friend, whose love, perhaps, may direct you to some source of consolation."

Flora withdrew her hand, made no reply, but dried her tears. Mrs. Sterndale, after waiting in vain for an answer, proceeded, with a colder manner, to say: "I would direct you to seek happiness where alone it can be found—in the path of

duty. In blessing others, you will yourself be blessed; and oh! if it please God to prolong your life, let it be your earnest care that that life may never be embittered by regrets which may come too late and abide too long."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Sylvester and the squire. The lady's spirits had risen with the hope of speedily rejoining her husband; but her heart sank as she beheld her daughter; she never now gazed on that loved countenance without a pang.

"My love," said Mrs. Sylvester to Flora, "the evening is so lovely, and the air so refreshing, that I have set my heart upon your taking a little turn with us, were it only for five minutes."

Mrs. Sterndale watched with no small anxiety to see if her words had had their desired effect. Flora looked sad and gentle as ever; perhaps there was a doubt within her mind for a moment; but that strange unaccountable feeling, whether it were *mauvaise honte*, perversion of intellect, or pure obstinacy, who could say—perhaps she could not herself have decided—again triumphed, and no entreaty could move her to make the little effort.

The squire perceived the failure of his lady, and was burning to speak out his mind, but his words were brief and few. Going close up to the sofa upon which Flora reclined, with the manner of one partly in jest, but more than half in earnest, he said, "Flora, you are the most perverse girl that ever I had the pleasure of knowing."

Perhaps there was just enough of self-reproach in the heart of the poor girl to give a sting to his words. Her eyes became moistened with tears, and she faintly murmured, "I cannot help suffering."

"But you can help making every one else suffer," replied the squire, as he turned and left her.

Mrs. Sterndale approached the invalid with a feeling of compassion. She placed before her an album, and opening it, silently pointed to a poem in manuscript, which appeared on one of the first pages. Flora, who loved poetry, read the following lines:—

"THE SECRET SORROW."

"Seldom he sought another's sympathy,
Seldom did outward sign his grief attest;
He could the life of all around him be,
Laugh with the merry, with the playful jest,
And hide 'neath sunny smiles a heart oppress;
The world ne'er knew how darkly lay, and dim,
The fount of bitterness within his breast;
It only saw the flowers on the brim,
The chilling depths were known, were felt alone by him.

"He jested—if aught he felt resemble joy—
To find hearts lighter, happier than his own,
He would not pleasure's airy web destroy,
E'en by a saddened look, a mournful tone:
No! in his sorrow he would dwell alone,
And bless—for they who mourn may others bless—
And he too much of suffering had known,
To wish its faintest image to impress
On features radiant still with unfeigned happiness.

"And so he lived, not hopeless, but his hope
Was fixed above; on earth all, all was gloom!
This gave him power with misery to cope;
But long his trial seemed, and dark his doom;
He longed for death, he pined to reach the tomb,

Not prayed—he would have sinful deemed such prayer:

Since God would in his own good time resume

The life he gave, all needless suffering spare,
"Twere sinful to repine, and impious to despair."

Flora sighed wearily, and closed the book.

"Good-bye, cousin Flora! good-bye, aunt!" shouted little Neddy, waving his hat above his head, as his father drove the open chaise, in which the travellers had seated themselves, from the door. "How fast Prince trots! but when he comes to the long steep hill, he will go slower and slower. Oh, I wish that I might have gone with them, mamma."

"Your father sleeps at Wells, my boy; it is too far off to go and return in the same day, especially when the party starts so late. They ought to have set out after breakfast; they will not reach Wells till it is quite dark; and I fear that there is a storm in the sky," added she, looking up anxiously at the clouds.

"Cousin Flora will see her papa to-morrow," said Neddy; "I should think that would make her very happy—if anything would make her happy. Mamma, why does my cousin always look so very dull?"

"She is not in strong health."

"Oh, but old Esther, who cannot leave her bed, never looks dull. She says that she reads her Bible, and is thoughtful. Does Flora read her Bible, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear child; what can make you ask such a question?"

"She has much more to be thankful for than poor Esther, but she does not seem half so bright. Mamma," cried he suddenly, as though a thought had struck him, "how different you are from my aunt!"

"We are thought a good deal alike."

"Oh, but I mean in your ways—your way of keeping your children in order. If cousin says, 'I can't,' her mamma begins to coax and to beg, and to call her 'precious child': if I say, 'I won't' (and it's all the same thing), you give me a spelling lesson or put me in the corner. If you were to pet me whenever I was naughty, I would always be naughty for the sake of the petting." And so saying, he threw his arms round his mother, and looked up archly into her face; she turned it aside to conceal the smile which she could not suppress, when the boy added, "I wonder why aunt does not try the spelling lesson and the corner."

It was a long weary drive to the summit of the Mendip hills, at least to one of the travellers, and yet through what glorious scenery they passed! A wild rocky gorge, where the hill seemed to have been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, and two rugged precipices to have been left fronting each other in sublime but not gloomy majesty,—for nature had clad the wild scene with beauty; verdant tresses hung down from the projecting crag, blossoms clustered and creepers twined, softening every harsher feature of the scene, like hope and love throwing their charm over suffering and sorrow. Where is the rock in the natural world, which the lichen will not colour, or the wild flower adorn? And wherefore should the human heart ever become all barren and desolate? Adversity may rend it, sorrow pass like a fierce gale over it, but flowers will spring up where God's sunshine

falls, and the rude wind but bear their fragrance to heaven.

The weary horse at length stood panting and foaming at the summit of the steep pass. A long wild extent of country lay before the travellers, and the clouds were gathering above them, looking darker and more threatening every moment. They drove along the summit of the Mendip range, a bleak unsheltered place, where scarcely a human habitation is to be seen, and where, notwithstanding the elevation of the road, the width of the barren table-land through which it passes prevents the eye from being charmed by any distant prospect of the fertile vales below. Dangerous bog-land and dreary morasses extend in the desolate tract, few trees spring up in the ungenerous soil, and the road itself is blackened with slag. Flora shivered, and drew her mantle closer around her. Suddenly the gloomy waste was brightened by a vivid flash of lightning, large heavy drops began to fall, the squire urged on his weary horse, and Mrs. Sylvester, with tender care, tried to protect her daughter from the descending rain.

The road was now becoming a descent; no place for shelter was in sight, evening was closing in, and the storm increasing in violence. Flash succeeded flash, and a sudden peal of rolling, rattling thunder burst directly over their heads. The terrified horse started, reared, and then plunged madly forward, defying every effort of Mr. Sternedale to stop his wild career. Flora gave a faint shriek of terror. There was a sudden violent shock; for the wheel had struck against a heap of stones, the chaise was overset, and the horse, bursting its traces, dashed down the hill at full speed. Frightened, trembling, but unhurt, Flora struggled to her feet, and looked fearfully around to ascertain the fate of her companions. On the other side of the heap of stones lay the squire, groaning as though in violent pain, but still retaining his senses.

"Get help, girl, get help, for mercy's sake!" he gasped forth; "I cannot move—my limb is broken; oh!" The strong man writhed in agony.

But Flora could scarcely give a thought to the sufferer before her; with anguish too intense for words, she flew to another spot, but a few yards distant, where the senseless form of her mother lay extended upon the damp sod. A stream of blood flowed from the brow of the unhappy lady, her eyes were closed, a ghastly paleness overspread her features, and the convulsive movement of her lips alone told that she yet breathed. Flora used every endeavour to stop the fast-flowing blood; her handkerchief being insufficient, she tore off her veil; no thought of self now mingled with her agonized fears for the mother who had loved her so fondly. She then exerted all her energies to raise the senseless lady from the damp earth, to bear her to the comparative shelter of the broken chaise; but to accomplish this, the powers of poor Flora were totally inadequate. What would she not now have given for one hour of that strength which she had once possessed, trifled with, and thrown away! But all that she could do, she did; disregarding the squire's reiterated entreaties, commands, reproaches, as he urged her again and again, in a hoarse, broken voice, to go for assist-

ance, she quitted not the spot until she had borne from the chaise every article which might serve to protect her mother from the damp. Besides which, she took the mantle from her own shivering frame, and spread it over the form of her unhappy parent. Then, indeed, she sprang to her feet, and strained her eyes to pierce the darkness, and discover some spot whence a ray of hope might proceed. She pressed her icy hand to her brow, endeavouring to recollect if she had lately passed any human habitation, but she could remember none; and then she felt that, absorbed in her own melancholy reveries, she had taken little notice of the landmarks.

At length she fancied that she perceived a dim light in the distance, across the waste on her right; and hoping that it might mark the situation of some cottage, Flora hastened towards it with a rapidity which, but one hour before, she would have deemed impracticable. The rain still fell fast, the cold wind seemed to pierce through her unprotected frame, her feet sank deep into the earth at every step, but still she struggled on. At length she found it impossible to proceed further in that direction; the ground was giving way beneath her, and a horrible dread of being suffocated in the marsh came over her mind. She stumbled, and the hand which she extended to save herself, grasped damp long rushes. It was with a violent effort that she freed herself from her perilous situation, and endeavoured to retrace her steps; but she had now lost all idea of what direction she was pursuing. She could no longer see the light; she knew not where the chaise lay; she could only call aloud and listen, and receive no answer but the rushing wind, and the plash of the rain-drops in the pools around her. The sufferings of a life-time appeared concentrated into that hour of terror. The powers of nature were at length giving way; exhausted and despairing, the unhappy Flora felt that nought remained for her but to lie down and die, when suddenly there appeared before her a light, at no great distance, and there were sounds—yes, the blessed sounds of human voices. She was near succour, then, and she could call for aid. Collecting all her energy, Flora made one effort more, gained the little lonely inn whence the light proceeded, gave one cry for help, and sank senseless and overpowered at the door.

"Why, here's another poor lady who must have been thrown out of the chaise. I thought there were two when they drove past our house. Poor creature! I hope she's not so much hurt as the other." These were the words of the hospitable landlady, as she stooped to raise poor Flora from the earth. "Mary, as the elder lady has the best room, and the gentleman the back parlour, you had better give up your bed to this poor creature. How icy cold she is! have you nothing warm to give her? Make haste, and help me to carry her up-stairs. Where's John?"

"He has just rode off on Dobbin to bring a doctor from Cheddar, and to tell the squire's family."

"Heavy tidings for them," said the landlady, as she chafed the clammy hands of the yet inanimate Flora.

When Flora regained her senses, it was with a

fearful consciousness upon her mind that something terrible had happened. Her first exclamation was, "My mother, oh, my mother!"

"Make yourself easy," said a little girl who was watching beside her; "she is here, and the squire too, and a lady has come to nurse them, and we expect the doctor every minute. Pray remain quiet; you cannot do anything."

Flora sank back again on her pillow, with the miserable conviction that she indeed could not do anything. She had no longer even the power to rise, but she implored the girl to go instantly and bring her tidings of the state of her mother.

Flora's fears had but too good a foundation. Mrs. Sylvester was dying; the injuries which she had received were beyond the power of man to cure. Carefully and tenderly was she nursed, but not by her daughter; it was not a daughter's hand that bathed her temples; it was not a daughter's form that glided noiselessly at night to bring the cooling beverage. With a heart torn asunder by conflicting cares and anxieties, yet supported by the consciousness of duty performed, Mrs. Sterndale divided her time between her suffering husband and her dying sister. She even found some moments to spare to poor Flora, who was far more an object of compassion than the other sufferers. Oh! how miserable was it to lie hour after hour, day after day, in that wretched attic, longing for tidings, yet dreading to receive them, oftentimes with no companions save those "regrets which came too late, to abide too long." Flora knew that her aunt was filling the post which she might have filled; she saw Mrs. Sterndale's cheek grow wan, and her eyes heavy with watching; and she wept to think that she herself was so useless, an additional burden, an added care.

Another source of anguish arose. Her father—the most affectionate of husbands and parents—what could keep him away at such a time as this? He must have received the tidings of the accident; he had had time to reach the sufferers, so that illness alone could have detained him in London. Could it be that she was doomed at once to lose all that she loved? The thought was too terrible to be dwelt upon, and yet constantly would it recur to Flora's agonized mind.

At last Mrs. Sterndale entered her room with a countenance still calm, but more deeply melancholy than usual. She seemed to avoid meeting Flora's anxious eye, which spoke the terrible question which her lips dared not utter. Mrs. Sterndale seated herself, and took her niece's hand affectionately into her own. Her manner, her silence, sent a thrill of terror through the heart of the invalid.

"My dear Flora," she at length began, "your poor mother—" She paused, as if unable to proceed.

"She is worse?" gasped Flora; "she suffers more?"

"She is beyond all suffering now," replied Mrs. Sterndale, bursting into tears.

Flora's agony was too great for weeping. "Oh, why am I spared, miserable wretch that I am? Oh, that I were dead, that I might be laid beside her! my mother, my idolized mother! and I never saw her ere she died—I was not with her—I was

no comfort to her—I did not receive her last blessing!"

"Yes, Flora, her last blessing was yours," said Mrs. Sterndale, commanding her choking voice; "her last thought was of you; her last words were to you."

"What were those words? Oh, speak!"

"Give my Flora her mother's dying blessing, and tell her to make her father happy."

OUR INDIAN SEPOYS.

IN the present critical state of affairs in India, every one seems more or less anxious to glean information respecting the physical and moral constitution of our Indian Sepoys, and to understand what the term Sepoy means and comprises. My long residence in India, and my familiar intercourse with this class of its military inhabitants will, I trust, enable me to throw some light upon these subjects.

To properly analyze the entity "Sepoy," let me first endeavour to trace the origin of the term. I have no decided authority to refer to on this head, but in my humble opinion it is simply a European mutilation of the Persian and Arabic words "Sphaie;" a term applied generally to horse soldiers, and, at the present day in Turkey, to a species of irregular mounted police, whose chief duty consists in the levying of tithes upon agriculturists and the rearers of the silk worm. The transition from "Sphaie" to Sepoy can be readily accounted for, considering the difficulties most Englishmen encounter even now-a-days in mastering the exact pronunciation of many oriental languages. The original invaders and conquerors of India were always famous for their cavalry; nor was it possible for such warriors as Tamerlane, for instance, who was perpetually on the move, sweeping with desolating force and rapidity from country to country, to employ others in his army than mounted soldiers. Hence the term "Sphaie" may have in reality comprehended all soldiers, when British invaders came originally into contact with them.

When factories and residences were first established over different parts of India, the rajahs, or native chieftains ruling in those districts, afforded protection to the foreign traders, and usually supplied a guard of honour composed of native foot soldiers or Sepoys, whose duty it was to watch over the interests of these strangers, and guard them from plunder or insult. Though, strictly speaking, these Sepoys were supposed to be under the command of the European resident, in many cases they in reality were masters, watching every movement of the English with intensest jealousy. The exact period when Sepoys were first embodied under English officers and received British pay, I have been unable to ascertain. What greatly facilitated such a step was undoubtedly the petty feuds and embroglios which were continually breaking out between the various independent rajahs and princes that, in those days, abounded in India. Those who had become thoroughly acquainted with the English character and English bravery, at once enlisted us as their allies; and such men as Clive and Wellington con-

solidated upon a firmer basis a system which was originally little better than an irregular and contingent force, till, step by step, we changed positions, and, from being the tolerated, became the tolerant—the rulers, instead of the ruled, of India.

Physically, nothing could have proved more acceptable to the East India Company than the enrolment into their service of a number of native Sepoys. Though not averaging the usual height or muscular strength of our own English soldiers, they were admirably adapted in every other sense to the climate that required their services; moreover, they were cheap, and their requisitions on a march easily supplied, as they could subsist entirely upon rice and ghee, with the addition of an occasional curry, while their sole beverage consisted of water. The last remark applies more particularly to the Hindoos; for the Mussulman Sepoy occasionally indulges in meat and poultry, though he can for months content himself without them. In this respect it will be perceived what an evident superiority and advantage the Sepoy possessed over the European soldier: with the former, the commissariat department was almost a farce; with the latter it is an incubus upon a march or in a battle field, entailing enormous additional expense and inconvenience; for the English soldier, wherever he goes, must have his meat, coffee, tea, sugar, biscuit or bread, spirits, etc., and the transport and procuring of these are no easy matter in an enemy's country. Moreover, nothing lacking in activity or daring, when stimulated by the example of undaunted Englishmen that fought side by side with them, the Sepoys could better resist fatigue and heat, and were less subjected to those fatal fevers and other maladies which have generally proved the deadliest foe that an English army has to encounter in India. Officerd by Englishmen, and led on by British commanders, they soon proved themselves worthy of trust and confidence, the limits of which, however, seem unfortunately to have been overstepped, by their being intrusted with an undue measure of authority and power.

In the course of time the Sepoy regiments were thoroughly organized, till eventually they became, as it may be, composed of lineal descendants, serving as soldiers from father to sons, through several generations. The old and the worthy retired on what was to them an ample pension, to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* in the bosom of families from whom they had been separated for years: some as native commissioned officers; some as sergeants and corporals, and some few as privates. Many also, from ill health, were transferred to invalid battalions; and the worthiest amongst this latter class were chosen to guard the travellers' bungalows, established all over India, where, in addition to their income, they reaped no small harvest in the shape of black mail, levied upon the generosity of travellers.

As a rule, the sons of old Sepoys, when free from deformity, were elected at a very early age (from eight to ten) as orderly boys in the native regiments; they are not entitled to uniform, but wear a white jacket and trousers, with a light cap and belt. These lads are compelled to attend drill and parade, and rarely acquire the manual

and platoon exercises. During the intervening time they are attached to the various officers in cantonment, and make themselves useful as errand boys, and in many other ways. As they grow up they are drafted into various regiments, and the meanest amongst them may one day rise to be subadar major of his regiment. As a general rule, our Indian Sepoys are a fine looking race of men, and have heretofore been looked upon as docile and willing, and without one spark of that fearful treachery, the train of which is even now exploding from contact with the fiery torch of fanaticism.

In organizing an Indian army of Sepoys, the difficulties to be encountered must indeed have been stupendous. There was first that insuperable rancour and disgust which is innate in the bosom of Hindoo, Moslem, and other pagans, against Christians of all denominations, to be smoothed down. Early taught to look upon a Christian in the light of a brute, something on a par with swine or dogs, the Indian Sepoys must have had a bitter bolus to swallow, when force of arms and other contingent circumstances compelled them to eat the Christian's salt, and bow submissively to the Christian's law. But they soon found that the words, "What's in a name?" were peculiarly applicable to their position. The mildness of our sway, the generosity and regularity of their pay (a thing unheard-of under the native rajahs), the non-interference with their religion, castes, and superstitions; nay, the liberal support criminally rendered them in maintaining and repairing their pagodas or mosques, soon convinced these Sepoys that they had made no bad exchange as regards masters; that if they could not love or respect them, they could at least repose full confidence in them; in short, that they were worthy of the salt administered as an oath of allegiance, and they consequently served for a space with willing limbs, if not willing hearts. Many, however, were the conflicts with regard to costume; the tight jacket and trousers were in themselves a terrible inroad upon the long accustomed flowing loose robe of the Oriental. However, there was nothing in the Koran or in the Shaster to interdict this, and so, after a little demurring, they were adopted. But when it came to boots and hats, then the strife raged fiercely. The hats were compromised by the introduction of a hybrid kind of article—half an archbishop's hat, half the tall cap of a dervish; but the boots were thoroughly discarded until of late. Another obstacle which required a long tussle was the right, upon enlistment, of ordering regiments to stations beyond a certain distance from the Presidency; an arrangement which first brought into vogue what is now generally known all over India as the full and half "batta" system. That is to say, regiments, whether during war time or during peace, that are beyond a certain prescribed limit, derive an additional daily income, depending upon the greater or the lesser distance by which they exceed this limit.

Indians, as indeed do all Orientals, dislike most to abhorrence being removed, be it for ever so short a period, from their native homes: they have even been known to pine and die from a hankering after their birthplace; but this diffi-

culty was ultimately overruled by the promise of furloughs to be granted after stated periods of service (or in cases of medical certificate), which would enable every Sepoy to revisit his home and friends for a few months, after the lapse of every three years. All these preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, there yet remained an indefinite number of unseen obstacles and superstitions to be overcome. British perseverance, however, and the comparative mildness of British sway, surmounted all barriers; and the Indian army of Sepoys was constituted on a firm and solid basis, such as gave promise of stability and permanent fidelity.

The first really important fact which revealed to the East India Company a something yet lacking in the constitution of their native army, was the mutiny at Vellore. Then it was that they found it indispensable to form each regiment of an equal number of different high castes; supposing, naturally enough, that the prejudice prevailing between the respective castes would form a barrier to the recurrence of any future similar misfortunes. The Madras army was accordingly reorganized, each regiment having a mixed soldiery of Mahomedans, Hindoos, and other castes. In that Presidency, the beneficial results of this measure were clearly evidenced about the year 1831, when several of the native troops stationed at Bangalore had laid a well-concocted plot for the massacre of all the European inhabitants, but were frustrated in the foul design by the timely intimation conveyed to the commanding officer through Sepoys of a different caste from the insurgents.

To sum up, I think I may safely say that the Indian Sepoy is an invaluable appendage to our Indian army, provided always that the means and opportunity of mischief be not placed temptingly within his reach. He is willing and ever ready to follow his English officer into hardship and peril; but he possesses two weak points—the one a lust after wealth and plunder—the other an unconquerable desire to see his native land again governed by men professing the tenets of his own religion. Under these circumstances, and with the cognizance of them, it was an unfortunate oversight to garrison a large and fanatical city almost entirely with native troops; the more especially as a considerable amount of money was known to be stored in the bank, and to be in possession of opulent merchants, most of whom were Christians, Armenians, and Jews. Nor is this all; the Afghan, Burmese, and other recent wars have tutored the Indian Sepoy in all the branches of military tactics, artillery included. This has been a fatal error, for the Company could easily have contrived to man the horse and foot artillery exclusively with Englishmen, and could so have retained in their hands one powerful medium for aving any spirit of insubordination. However, it is unavailing now to express these regrets. Ere long, we trust, this terrible storm will have blown past, and our Indian empire will, we hope, be fixed upon a surer basis than ever. All that human wisdom can suggest will doubtless be done to reorganize our power upon an enlightened and solid basis. Meanwhile, may God in his goodness pardon all our national sins in

acquiring India, all our sins in governing it, and all our affronts to his great name in patronizing idolatry and leaning so much for our strength upon an idolatrous arm. While far from countenancing anything like a thrusting of our religion upon the natives of Hindostan, it is obvious that instead of Christianity being a source of danger to our eastern empire, heathenism has been the real spring of peril. Like some inflammable gun-cotton, the latter has been sleeping in the heart of our Indian possessions, and its sudden explosion may well awake all reflecting minds to the danger that must attend our occupation of India while a cruel idolatrous creed remains in its present commanding position.

THE TRAVELLER IN CHINA AND CHINESE TARTARY.

THERE is, perhaps, no other country on the face of the earth, concerning the people of which there exists so great a diversity of representation and opinion as regarding China. No two travellers, political essayists, traders, or even missionaries, are precisely agreed in the verdict they pronounce when the character of the Celestials come up for trial and adjudication. The picture drawn by different writers is ever varying in the nature and depth of its tintings. Some have an eye only for the good and the amiable, which they elaborately overcharge and exaggerate; while others, with an equal want of fairness, see nothing but evil and corruption, which they delight to intensify and darken. The former class find their leader in Voltaire, who has drawn for us an enchanting imaginary picture of China, its patriarchal manners, its paternal government, its institutions based on filial piety, and its wise administration, intrusted to an aristocracy of learning and talent. The latter have, as one of their representatives, Montesquieu, who has used the darkest colours, and painted the Chinese as a miserable abject race, crouching under a brutal despotism, and driven like a vile herd by the will of the emperor. The truth, as is usual in such cases, lies between these two extremes.

The causes of this strange discrepancy of sentiment are various, and, in many instances, obvious. Sometimes facts are sacrificed or distorted for the purpose of countenancing a favourite political, social, or religious theory. At other times, men have ventured to write dogmatically upon a people, their only knowledge of whom was acquired during a sojourn of longer or shorter duration on the sea-fringe of the mighty empire, where they could by possibility see but little, and that little oftentimes affording no safe clue to the inner life of that vast, populous domain. But the most prolific source, perhaps, of these conflicting statements is to be found in the striking variations of manners and customs noticeable in the eighteen different provinces of which this colossal empire is composed. So great are these modifications, arising from a commingling of races, from climate, the features of the country, and other local circumstances, that even the natives, in passing from one district to another, often find themselves among a comparatively strange people, whose habits are

new to them. Hence, many a description, which may be perfectly true in reference to one province, would be false as regards another.

It is clear, then, in the view of these remarks, that no writer is qualified to furnish a reliable picture of the actual inner life of China, unless he has had the remarkable privilege of traversing the length and breadth of that mysterious land, and mingling freely, and for a protracted period, among the various grades of Chinese society. Such facilities, we need scarcely remark, have, owing to the jealousy of the government, been enjoyed by but few individuals. There is one gentleman, however, who has possessed these advantages to an eminent degree, and who has given to the world a narrative of his experiences among this extraordinary and versatile people, which has rarely been surpassed for richness and novelty of information, and the charm of style in which the story of his adventures is told. We refer to M. Hue, a Roman Catholic propagandist, who, in the prosecution of the objects of his mission, spent about fourteen years chiefly in the interior of the empire, and in the contiguous countries of Tartary and Thibet. His two works, which have been translated from the French, (one in a very cheap and popular form, in the "Traveller's Library,"*) will richly repay the perusal of our readers. The light which their illustrations will throw upon the national peculiarities of the Chinese, cannot fail to prove welcome at a time when their country is attracting to itself the concentrated gaze of the world, and when so great a diversity of opinion still exists, even in intelligent circles, as to the real character and condition of that teeming people, with whom, unhappily, we are now at war.

During the earlier portion of M. Hue's residence in the Celestial Empire, he was compelled, by a constant dread of drawing down upon himself and his neophytes the imperial vengeance, to move about stealthily, in secrecy and disguise—very much, as he says, in the fashion of a bale of contraband goods. His intercourse was thus limited, to a great extent, to the peasant and artisan classes, with whose manners, habits, industrial pursuits, and domestic relations, he accordingly became intimately acquainted. The literary and aristocratic ranks were cautiously shunned, in order to escape the fate of a violent death, which, through their denunciations, had fallen upon several of his missionary predecessors. At a subsequent period, M. Hue was appointed to undertake a journey across the immense plains of Tartary, as far as Lha-Ssa, the capital of Thibet, on a mission to the inhabitants of those remote regions. The mis-called Holy See had, in 1842, erected Mongolia into a vicariate apostolic, much after the same style, we presume, in which our own country was a few years ago restored to the papal fold by that celebrated rescript issued from the Flaminian Gate; and our missionary traveller was deputed to explore and define the boundaries of this new Romish province, and to study the character and manners of the Tartars, preparatory to subsequent attempts to win them over to the adoption of the rites and symbols of Catholicism. For, we regret to say, there is no evidence to show that the Ro-

* London: Longmans & Co.

mish propagandists contemplate any higher or more spiritual object than to exact an outward conformity to the ceremonials of their corrupt church, and allegiance to its authority. In this respect, how widely and radically do they differ from our Protestant apostleship among the heathen, the sole aim of which is to win souls to Christ, and not to a church—to confer, through the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, the baptism of a new life, instead of that of mere water. We have taken this early opportunity of stating our views in reference to the character and unsatisfactory fruit of the mission in which M. Huc was embarked, while treasuring up those valuable observations which he has since given to the public. At the same time, it is but right to observe that his narratives are remarkably free from any objectionable details, or evidences of a biased and warped judgment. As a traveller, he possessed a keen and observant eye; and as a writer, he wields a graphic and powerful pen. In no other capacity have we any occasion to recognise him in this and the following papers.

His first work describes the incidents of his toilsome and wearisome journey across the Land of Grass, as Tartary is called; his brief sojourn at the capital of the Talé-Lama, with his trial and expulsion by order of the Chinese ambassador residing at Lha-Ssa. But, though thus forcibly expelled from the chosen scene of his labours, he was not suffered to return as he came; for the ambassador, ostensibly to render him the honour due to his rank and learning, but really to insure his safe deportation to the confines of the Chinese empire, provided for him an escort of mandarins and soldiers, and furnished them, in the name of the emperor, with authority to demand the most distinguished hospitality of the prefects and mandarins of the towns through which they were to pass in traversing the empire *en route* to Canton, his destination. During the journey, M. Huc mingled freely with the most polished and aristocratic classes, and thus enjoyed a singularly favourable opportunity of perfecting his knowledge of Chinese society, throughout all its ranks. The story of this return journey, attended by his stately retinue, and lodged and entertained in princely palaces, is comprised in the second of the two works already referred to. Having given these needful explanations, let us now intelligently follow the footsteps of our traveller throughout such portions of his journeyings as are calculated to yield us interest and instruction.

It was early in 1844 that M. Huc, accompanied by a missionary colleague, M. Gabet, and attended by a proselyted young Lama, Samdatchiemba, as camel-driver, crossed the northern frontier of China, and entered the Mongolian desert, where for months he would be obliged to lodge in tents, and subsist on the scantiest and coarsest fare. The country which they travelled for several days, exhibited the remains of great towns, and the ruins of formidable castles belonging to former times. The region, too, is remarkable for the terrific storms of rain and hail to which it is subject, by which whole flocks are often suddenly destroyed and swept away. M. Huc mentions a hailstone which on one occasion fell near him, as being of such huge dimensions that, though

broken up with hatchets, it did not even in the warm season entirely melt in three days. Certain mountainous parts of the country are much infested by robbers, whose apprehended attacks occasioned the travellers much anxiety. These public marauders differ greatly, however, from the brigands and footpads of our hemisphere. They levy their tribute with such charming politeness, that it must be almost a pleasure to submit to their gentle spoliation. They do not put a pistol to your head, and cry roughly, "Your money or your life!" but they say in the most courteous tones, "My eldest brother, I am weary of walking on foot; be so good as to lend me your horse." Or, "I am without money, will you lend me your purse?" Or, "It is very cold to-day, be kind enough to lend me your coat." If the eldest brother be charitable enough to comply, he receives thanks; if not, his generous impulses are quickened by a little fraternal cudgelling; or, if that mode of appeal fails, recourse is had to the sabre.

Onwards, however, our traveller goes, unmolested by these soft-spoken robbers—past the outskirts of an immense forest, which has been used as a hunting-ground by many successive emperors—past the Grand Obo, an enormous heap of stones, before which the deluded Mongols prostrate themselves, burn incense, and deposit offerings in honour of the spirit of the mountains—across the kingdom of Geechekten, said to be astonishingly rich in gold and silver ore, yet stamped with desolation and wretchedness—until he at length arrives at Tolon-Noor, a large, but ill-arranged town of the desert, which is approached through a wide encircling cemetery. The population of Tolon-Noor is immense, and its commerce enormous. It is the grand rendezvous, bazaar, and fair of the surrounding regions. Even Russian goods find their way here by the way of Kiakta. The perpetual coming and going of strangers; the hawkers running about with their wares; the Lamas, in their showy dresses of scarlet and yellow, exhibiting their equestrian skill; all these things give the street a very animated appearance. A great many fortunes are made here by Chinese merchants, who possess the art of fleecing the unsuspicious Mongols. The town is celebrated, too, for its manufactories of brass and iron statues; its vast workshops supplying all countries which profess the religion of Buddha, with the idols, bells, vases, and other utensils employed in their idolatrous service. The large images are cast in several pieces, and afterwards soldered together. M. Huc mentions one statue of Buddha seen by him, which formed a load for eighty camels. It was intended as a present to the Talé-Lama.

A curious custom, displaying an excess of hospitable politeness, was witnessed by our traveller at a kind of restaurant to which he resorted at Tolon-Noor. Before commencing a repast which you may have ordered, Tartar etiquette requires you to go round and invite all the guests in the room to join you.

"Come! Come all together!" you cry. "Come and drink a little glass of wine—eat a little rice."

"Thank you, thank you!" responds the company; "come rather and seat yourself at our



A CHINESE OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO THE TRAVELLERS ON ENTERING BLUE TOWN.

table; it is we who invite you:" and having thus, in the phrase of the country, "shown your honour," you may sit down to take your meal as a person of quality.

A few days after quitting Tolon-Noor, M. Hue entered upon the picturesque and luxuriant plains of Tchakar—a name signifying "border country." This region is remarkable from the circumstance of its male inhabitants being all of them soldiers of the Emperor of China, and who receive annually a certain sum, regulated according to their titles. The district is, in fact, a vast camp; and in order that the army shall be at all times in readiness to march, the Tartars are prohibited, under severe penalties, from cultivating the ground. They are required to live on their pay and the produce of their flocks. In these pastures there also feed numerous and magnificent flocks and herds belonging to the emperor. There are camels, horses, oxen, and sheep; and some idea of

their numbers may be formed from the fact that, of the horses only, there are 360 herds, each containing not less than 1200. Each herd is under the superintendence of a Tartar, who is obliged to replace at his own expense any animal that may be found deficient when they are counted. But the dishonestly disposed Tartar finds means, notwithstanding, to turn the riches of the "holy master" to account; for when a Chinese has a bad horse, or a decrepit ox, he can for a small sum obtain leave from the inspector to exchange it for a fine one from the imperial herds; and as the number remains the same, the fraud is rarely detected.

One day, accepting a pressing invitation from a venerable Mongol to share the hospitalities of his tent, our traveller found himself in circumstances of great embarrassment. After partaking of several lighter courses, an entire boiled sheep was brought in; and the host, cutting off the tail—which is almost a mass of fat, weighing from six

to eight pounds—separated it into two portions, and presented one to M. Huc, and the other to his companion. Amongst the Tartars, the tail is regarded as a most exquisite dainty, and is offered to the guests whom it is wished specially to honour. "Great was our embarrassment," remarks M. Huc, "at the distinction shown us, in the presentation of this mass of white fat, which seemed to tremble and palpitate under our fingers. The rest of the guests were despatching with marvellous celerity their portions of the mutton—of course, without plate or fork, but each with the large piece of meat on his knees, working away at it with his knife, and wiping on the front of his waistcoat the grease that dripped down his fingers. We consulted each other, in our native language, as to what we should do with the dreadful dainty before us. It would have been quite contrary to Tartar etiquette to speak frankly to our host, and explain our repugnance to it, and it seemed imprudent to attempt to put it back by stealth. We determined, therefore, to cut the unlucky tail into small slices, and offer them round to the company, begging them to share with us this rare and delicious morsel. We did so; but it was not without difficulty we overcame the polite scruples and self-denying refusals with which our hypocritical courtesy was met." The Homeric repast was at length concluded, and the only remains of the animal left, consisted of a monstrous heap of well-polished bones in the middle of the tent.

While encamped on one occasion near to a Chinese station in the desert, our travellers' horse and mule were found to have mysteriously disappeared, when sought for the purpose of continuing their journey. They were supposed to have been stolen by the pilfering Chinese. M. Huc and his companions each mounted a camel instantly, and rushed off in opposite directions in quest of the missing animals. All their searching, however, was in vain; and no alternative was now left for them but to go to the Mongol tents, and declare that the animals had been lost near their habitations. This appeal illustrates a singular Tartar law, by virtue of which, when the animals of caravans go astray, whoever happens to be in the neighbourhood at the time is bound to go in search of them, and even to give others in their place if they cannot be found. In the case before us, on hearing the complaint, the Mongol chief said: "My Lord Lamas, do not allow grief to enter your hearts; your animals cannot be lost. Here are neither roads nor thieves, nor associates of thieves. We will search for your horses, and if they are not to be found, you shall choose at pleasure among all our herds. We wish you to leave us in peace, as you have come."

Eight Tartars immediately mounted their horses, and taking with them a long pole and cord, dispersed in all directions. They performed various evolutions, and often retraced their own steps. At length, uniting themselves in a squadron, they set off at a gallop in the direction by which the travellers had come. "They are on the track," exclaimed the Mongol chief. "Come, my Lord Lamas, and seat yourselves in my tent, and we will drink a cup of tea while we await the recovery of your horses." In about two hours a distant cloud of dust announced the return of the horsemen,

who, it was soon discovered, were bringing with them the two fugitives.

We find, with some surprise, that the virtues of touting are as well appreciated in the interior of Tartary, as they are in the streets of the British metropolis, or on the piers of our fashionable watering-places. On entering Blue Town, in the fertile region of Toumet, our travellers found themselves entangled in muddy, tortuous streets, full of treacherous hollows and clamorous wayfarers. They looked anxiously about for an inn, but in vain; for it is the custom here, it appears, for each hotel to receive only one description of guests: one being appropriated to merchants in corn, another to dealers in horses, and so forth. There is generally only one which lodges simple travellers; and for this M. Huc and his companions were inquiring, when a young man, darting out of a neighbouring shop, accosted them officiously. "You are looking for an inn," said he, "permit me to conduct you to one;" and he began to walk by their side. "You will have a difficulty in finding what you want in the Blue Town. Men are innumerable here; but there are good and bad men, are there not, my Lord Lamas? and who does not know that the bad are always more numerous than the good? Listen while I say a word to you from the bottom of my heart. In the Blue Town you will hardly find a man who is guided by his conscience; yet conscience is a treasure. You Tartars know what conscience is. I know the Tartars; they are good, they have upright hearts; but we Chinese, we are wicked, we are rogues. In ten thousand Chinese you will scarcely find one who has a conscience. In this Blue Town almost every one makes a trade of cheating the Tartars."

While the young Chinese thus, by fine sentimental flourishes and tokens of comradeship, was endeavouring to insinuate himself into the confidence of the strangers, he never lost sight of the two large trunks borne by the camels. The loving looks that he cast on them from time to time told plainly enough that he was speculating on their contents; fancying, doubtless, that they were filled with precious merchandise, of which he hoped to secure the monopoly.

No signs of the promised inn appearing, M. Huc at length said to the self-constituted conductor: "We are sorry to see you take so much trouble. If we did but see whither you are leading us—"

"Leave that to me, my lords, leave it to me; I am taking you to an excellent inn: don't say I am taking trouble—don't pronounce such words—they make me blush. Are we not all brothers? what signifies the difference of Tartar and Chinese? The language is not the same, the habits are not alike; but we know that we have but one heart one conscience, one invariable rule of justice. Stop! wait for me one moment, my lords:" and, so saying, he darted like an arrow into a shop. In a few minutes he returned, making a profusion of excuses, and drawing after him another Chinaman, bearing a villanous expression of countenance. The two were evidently in league. They were a pair of consummate sharpers, accustomed to prey upon strangers. After complimenting M. Huc and his party, including his beasts, the new-comer

exclaimed, addressing his fellow rogue: "See that you take these noble Tartars to a good inn—to the hotel of Eternal Equity. The master is one of my best friends. It will not be amiss if I go myself. If I did not, it would weigh upon my heart. When one has the good fortune to meet with brothers, we should be useful to them. We are all brothers, are we not, my lords? See us two!" pointing to his young partner, "we are clerks in the same shop; and we are accustomed to deal with Tartars. Oh, it is a great thing in this miserable Blue Town to meet with people you can trust."

But the travellers were not disposed to trust their voluble and loving friends, nor to suffer themselves to be entrapped into the hotel of Eternal Equity. For at length spying a sign, inscribed as the "Hotel of the Three Perfections, with lodging for travellers on horse or camel," they turned in, despite the protestations and dissuasions of the two esquires. Although thus check-mated, however, they were not to be cast off. They entered, took the direction of everything, issued orders, swept and dusted the room, and waited upon the strangers; nor could they be shaken off until M. Huc administered to them some stern rebukes for their officiousness. Their hope probably had been to constitute themselves the commercial agents of the "Lord Lamas."

Speaking of "commercial agents," we are reminded of another example, encountered by M. Huc, of Chinese rapacity among the Tartars. It happened shortly after leaving Blue Town. While tying up their camels at a village inn, an enormously fat traveller was seen coming into the court-yard, leading after him a very lean horse. He wore a large straw hat, with brims so broad that they hung down on his shoulders, and he had a long sabre attached to his girdle, which did not look at all in keeping with his jolly physiognomy.

"Steward of the Kettle," said he, as he entered, "is there room for me in this inn?"

"I have but one room to give to travellers," was the reply, "and that is at present occupied by three Mongol men who have just arrived. Go and see whether they can receive you."

The new-comer trudged with a heavy step towards the place where the missionaries were installed, and thus addressed them: "Peace and happiness to you, my Lord Lamas: do you occupy all the room in this apartment, or is there a little left for me?"

"Why should there not be some for you, since there is for us?" replied M. Huc. "Are we not all travellers alike?"

"Excellent words, excellent words! You are Tartars, I am a Chinese; but you understand the rites of politeness—you know that all men are brothers." With these words he went out.

On his return, he was asked by M. Huc where he was going, and also why he wore a sword.

"I am going through Tartar countries," was the answer; "and as one doesn't always meet with honest people, it is well to have a sword by one's side."

"You perhaps belong to some Chinese salt company?"

"No; I am from a great commercial house in

Pekin, and I have been sent to collect debts from the Tartars. And you—you are not Mongols, it seems?"

"No; we are from the sky of the west."

"Ah, ya! then our trade is not very different; you are, like me, *eaters of Tartars*."

"Eaters of Tartars! what is the meaning of that?"

"Our trade—yours and mine—is to eat the Mongols; we by traffic, you by prayers. The Mongols are simple, why should we not profit by them to get a little money?"

"You are mistaken. Since we have been in Tartary we have spent a good deal of money, but we have never taken from the Mongols a single sapeck."

"Ah, ya! Ah, ya!"

Our missionary traveller then entered into some explanations, for the purpose of making this greedy devourer of the Mongols understand the difference between the servants of the true God and the devotees of Buddha.

"Things are not managed that way here," said he; "the Lamas never offer prayers gratis; and for my part, if it were not for money, I would never set foot in Tartary." And at these words he began to laugh immoderately, swallowing meanwhile great gulps of tea.

"So you see," resumed M. Huc at length, "we are not of the same trade. Say in future only that *you* are an eater of Mongols."

"Ah! I believe you," cried he, chuckling; "we merchants do, to be sure, gnaw them to the bone. Don't you know them?" he continued. "Don't you know that they are as simple as children when they come into our towns? They want to have everything they see; they seldom have any money, but we come to their help. We give them goods on credit, and then of course they must pay rather high. When people take away goods without leaving the money, of course there must be a little interest of thirty or forty per cent. Then, by degrees, the interest mounts up, and you come to compound interest; but that's only with the Tartars, for in China the laws forbid it. But we, who are obliged to run about the Land of Grass, may well ask for a little extra profit. A Tartar debt is never paid; it goes on from generation to generation; every year one goes to get the interest, which is paid in sheep, oxen, camels, or horses. All that is a great deal better than money. We get the beasts at a low figure, and we sell them at a very good price in the market. Ah! it's a capital thing—a Tartar debt! It's a mine of gold."

The debt-collector accompanied this *exposé* of his mode of doing business with peals of laughter; and it was easy to see, from his utter heartlessness, that any poor Tartar defaulter who should be unfortunately subjected to his tender mercies would be placed in a most distressing position. Although there are abundant reasons for believing that these illustrations exhibit but too faithfully the grasping and rapacious tendencies of the Chinese character, yet we would fain hope that there are multitudes of instances to be found, in which the principles of true brotherhood are not only ostentatiously paraded, but also practised. It would not be impossible to find, even in our own country, ex-

amples which would almost parallel the "eater of the Tartars." They are, however, the exceptions, not the rule.

THE MONTHS IN LONDON.—OCTOBER.

If there is any class of persons ignorant of the fact, so interesting to epicures and sportsmen, and so fatal to the most stately and gorgeous of all the feathered tribes native to our island—the fact, namely, that pheasant-shooting begins on the 1st of October—that class of persons will hardly be found in London. Not that the masses of the metropolis know anything of the sport—that being a luxury, if it is a luxury, reserved for lords, land-owners, and the independent classes in general, who have preserves of their own, or the privilege of partaking in a slaughtering *battue*, at the invitation of friend or patron. One other class of Londoners there is, however, who know all about it, unless report and the blue-books of the House of Commons are all in the wrong, and these are the London poachers, who, in the pay of certain unscrupulous game-contractors, make their annual forays into the game districts, and, literally loving darkness rather than light, because their deed is evil, steal into the preserves and plunder by night. But the London public cannot remain ignorant of the advent of the pheasant-shooting season—the poulterer takes care of that. In every poulterer's shop, dangling at the lintels of the door, piled on the outward bulk, or pendent from walls and ceiling, the rich and gorgeous plumage of the pheasant meets you at every turn, stained, it may be, with his life-blood by the death-dealing shot, or torn and mangled by the retriever's jaw, but dazzling and splendid, for all that, in its combinations of magnificent colour.

In London proper, and indeed in a great part of the suburbs, the month of October witnesses the final fall of the leaf; and the poor trees, shorn of their verdant glories all too soon, stand lifting their skeleton arms as if in supplication, and appealing all forlorn against the cruel spoliation. Not so, however, in the country around. Get out as far as Streatham Common or Hampstead Heath or Muswell Hill, and you shall find the landscape of October richer, grander, and more varied, both in hue and outline, than it is in any other month of the year. Now it is that the elms are brown, green, and yellow all at once, that the beeches are blushing with a purple tint, the rowans are gemmed with fiery clusters, and the oak puts a golden gleam over its mass of foliage. Now, too, when already half the leaves have blown away, and you crash your way among them ankle-deep along the hedge-rows, you see in all its beauty the true grace and mystery of ramification, which is so delightful a study to the artist. For these reasons it is that October is emphatically the artist's month. It is then that he learns most, because he sees most. To his educated eye a thousand beauties are unveiled which the dullard never perceives, and which yet all may learn to appreciate by a humble and loving observation of Nature. Get out into the green woods, oh! friends, one day in this month, and watch, among the falling leaves and the half-shorn branches waving to the autumn-

nal wind, the pangs of the dying year. For our part, we have an appointed pilgrimage of that sort, which we never fail to make, and, from a long experience of its soothing pleasures, can commend the like to the reader.

Something of the same kind of feeling which the wanderer gathers in the woods, is brought home to the Londoner in the markets and the streets, by the spectacle of the October fruits with which the city abounds. The garden-fruits are now rich and luscious; they blush on every stall, and their odour assails you from the open shop as you hurry past. Covent Garden is ripe and mellow from end to end; a fruity fragrance fills the air; you can smell it from Long Acre on the north, down to the Strand on the south. It is the aroma of the gardens, the orchards, the vineries, and the hothouses, not only of Surrey and Middlesex and all England, but of France and Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, and of far-off America and the Western Isles. With the smell of fruit mingles also the breath of flowers forced into bloom for the coming sunless season, and the rich, oily, wooden odour of nuts, almonds, dates, and dry products—not without a seasoning of onions and stuffing-herbs, suggestive of less delicate but perhaps not less agreeable associations.

The beginning of October finds a considerable portion of respectable middle-class London still at the sea-side. But London-super-mare in October presents phases and phenomena of a very different kind from those to be met with at the same place in August. The sunny sea-beach, then so crowded and crammed with multitudinous pas and mas—so perspiringly hot from the reflected glare of the sands—so clamorous with shouting, laughing, donkey-riding, excavating children—so splashy with bathers, so booky with readers, so scientific with naturalists, and so mythological with bare-legged Tritons—is now another sort of a place altogether. The multitude has disappeared. Pa and ma, if they are not back to the shop in London, are keeping up the circulation by a brisk walk, or looking out on the dull grey sea from a snug little parlour, with a sea-coal fire in it. The children are gone back to the nursery or the school; bathers, bookers, and naturalists have vanished to more money-making avocations; and those mythological monsters having drawn up their briny caverns—the bathing machines—under the lee of the white cliffs, have taken themselves off to some other occupation. True, there stand the donkeys yet; but, for the most part, their white saddles are gone to the wash, and the chief portion of their time is spent in unprofitably nosing one another's hides, and in longing, perhaps, for the hour when they shall change the dry sands of the beach for the grass of the downs above the cliffs.

But, be it noted, this sea change which comes over the watering-place in October is not all for the worse. If you lose in the article of society, you gain in that of civility; and what you are *minus* in fashion, you are *plus* in economy. That triangular parlour and brace of cock-lofts, which Jack Bowline's wife would not lease to you in July and August under three guineas and a half a week, and snubbed you then if you rung for an extra knife and fork, you may have now for fifteen

shillings, and an extra dozen of knives and forks, no two alike, into the bargain. Then you have the advantage of getting rid of Jack Bowline himself, who, during the three-and-a-half-guinea times wouldn't work, but hung about the house in a lazy, beery, 'baccy condition, with always a pipe or some pigtail in his mouth, and waylaid you with his ancient and fishlike smells and equivocal compliments as you went out and in. Now, Jack rigs up his old fishing-boat, spends a day in caulking her bottom and pitching her sides, and puts out to sea with his lines and his nets for a catch; and you may for a trifle get a fresh sole to supplement your dinner—a thing you could not have enjoyed when under the lucrative regime.

Then there are other compensations besides. It is a fact that you never see the real unsophisticated face of one of these London watering-places while the fashionable influx lasts. What they do with the droves of bare-legged children and the coteries of weather-beaten old fishwives during the immigration of the London swarm, we do not pretend to know. Somewhere or other they must go, that is plain, to make room, in their homes, places, and dormitories, for the denizens of Fleet Street, Holborn, and the Strand. Are they boated off to some desolate island far in the fathomless main? Are they secreted in caverns and lofty seaward look-outs and smugglers' caves along the cliffs? Are they summarily bundled away to some inland village, which reaps an annual harvest from the watering-place, just as the watering-place reaps its annual harvest from London? We don't know, and we cannot answer these questions. What we do know, however, is the undeniable fact of their re-appearance in their native haunts when the invasion is over. We know it, because, like the gastronome who sighs for green peas at Christmas time, we have a fancy sometimes for things out of season, and, among other things, watering-places. We like to wander solitary amid the sounding surges, as they

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea,"

to listen to the far-off voices, the inarticulate babble, the dim-sounding dream-talk of hoary old Ocean—prefer it, on the whole, to the dialogue imported from Tooley Street, and the doubtful jokes brought down to be aired, from Mark Lane or the Stock Exchange.

So, as we said, when the season visitors are gone and the natives are come back, one sees the watering-place as it really is. The natural succeeds to the artificial; the pitchy boats—the fathoms of trawl-nets hung out to dry—the low-roofed cottages just beyond high-water mark—the criss-cross casements—the flag-staff on the beach, with its weather-vane aloft—the old square tower of the church—the rutty road and the jagged pavement of the little town: all these things, and a number more, get into their right places the moment that Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson have got out, with their fashionable wives and daughters—and then we know where we are. The place is a genuine fishing village once more, and having left off angling for fat Londoners, returns to its proper hunting-ground in the deep sea, to look after flat-fish of a different sort. To a quiet

observer, the change is not without its significance; with the customary habits comes back the simple character of the isolated population, and one remarks with pleasure the displacement of the spirit of greed by the revival of the old hospitality, when the incentives to covetousness are gone. It is the last lingerer by the sea-side, as autumn wanes into winter, and the days of storm and gloom come darkling and moaning along the shore, who sees the real kindly disposition of the poor, and the genuine brotherhood that relieves and adorns their rough and homely usages.

On the October shore one sees the last of the swallow tribes taking their departure for a southern clime, sometimes, so strong is their instinct of migration, leaving their late and unfledged broods to perish from neglect in their nests; though sometimes, too, be it in justice said, a solitary pair will remain behind until November is far advanced, training their tender offspring to the power of flight, and attempting alone, guided solely by instinct, their wintry passage across the boundless sea. In this month also the storks assemble, and, for so silent a bird, make an extraordinary clatter with their bills in arranging the preliminaries of their flight, which, however, they are apt to defer until the setting in of the first steady wind from the north. Of wild geese, in October, the observer may occasionally see immense bodies arranged in solid wedge-shaped phalanx, a single bird leading the way, and the whole myriad mass cleaving the air in a southerly direction at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour.

To the pedestrian in London, the month of October will generally prove the pleasantest of the whole year. The weather is, for the most part, mild and genial; a sort of Indian summer seems to settle calmly down upon the city; there is, perhaps, little sun, but there is less rain, or none at all; the air is cool and bracing, and the annoyance of dust is scarcely felt. It is now that the shop-keeper, who has had his holiday, and most likely taken stock and realized his position, begins energetically preparing for the winter crusade. This is why it is that in October you witness, wherever you go, such a formidable set-to at painting, decorating, plate-glassing, renewing and new fronting of shops. It is the right time for doing this sort of thing, and the season is favourable, because there is neither the dust of summer nor the mud of winter to mar the decorator's work, nor is there any great rush of business to interfere with it. Therefore it is done; and, being done, the result is generally worth looking at, London throughout appearing all the handsomer and more comfortable, cheerful, and easy in its mind for the process.

Let us turn pedestrians ourselves for a little while, and indulge in a glance or two at the fairest sight that London can show us in this pleasant out-of-door month, or, indeed, in any month of the whole year. Take a turn along some main thoroughfare, and look at those concentrated caves of Aladdin, the jewellers' shops. How they dazzle the eye and distract the mind! what a mass of gems and priceless stones and precious metals and exquisite forms are there hung and heaped together, flashing and sparkling behind invisible barriers of crystal! What a sum-total of labour, enterprise, and skill does the gorgeous aggregate

represent! Where now are the sturdy arms that built the ship, that ploughed the main, that traversed the globe, that worked the mine, that smelted the ore, that dug the gem, that dived for the pearl, that polished the gold, that carved the design, and that did fifty things more, and all to furnish this one single window in one single house that Jack built? Ay, where are they? Buy that bracelet for your wife—that bit of a brooch for your daughter—and just ask yourself what it is that you choose for the adornment of their person. Depend upon it, you would find on inquiry that it is the fruit of labour and perseverance, of self-denial, ay, and heroism too—the heroism that often lurks in drudgery, which you and I might find it hard to emulate, appreciate it lightly as we may.

But come further on. Here is the shop of shops for the speculative humanitarian—the ready-made clothes mart. What do you see there? A crowd of paletots, Chesterfields, Codringtons, Melton Mowbrays, over-coats, wrappers, frock-coats, dress-coats, liveries, polka-jackets, walking-coats, fishing-coats, shooting-coats, riding-coats, and pea-coats; vests of all hues and pantaloons of none; doe-skins, tweeds, kerseymeres, and so forth, with two wooden tonters stuck in the doorway with puff-papers in their wooden hands, and behind them, far in the rear, and high up aloft, slight above flight of long chambers and galleries built up in lordly splendour, radiant with light and mirrors, and stuffed to the ceilings with the same countless variety of products, over and over and over again. Is that all you see? “Yes,” say you. Now, we happen to see something more, and we can’t help seeing it, look which way we will. Behind that Chesterfield marked two twelve six, there sits a figure quite apparent to our view, who is not a Chesterfield by any means, or anything like it. He has neither shoe nor stocking to his foot; shirt and pantaloons, ragged both, constitute his whole costume; starvation has half denuded his bones, famine is in his cheeks, desperation in his tearless eye: he stitches away at the garment for a wage that will not renew his worn-out rags, hardly keep the flickering life in his worn-out frame; he is a sweater, undergoing the sweating process—for the benefit, ladies and gentlemen, of the society of which you are respectable members, and whose dictum concerning his miserable lot is, that, under the present transitory state of modern commerce, there is no help for it. Then, again, that handsome evening-party vest of delicate pattern is not in the shop window just now, but up in the beggarly garret, where all the furniture is the one chair, the one table, the one mattress with ragged coverlet, and the one candlestick; and all the provisions is the half of one stale loaf of dry almy bread hoarded for the morrow’s meal. The wretched stitcher is sworn and banded sister to her who for years past has been “plying her needle and thread,” and singing to bare walls and empty cupboard that dolorous “song of the shirt.” If in her turn she were to sing the song of the vest, there would be so little difference, either in the verse or the strain, that society, who is rather hard of hearing in the case of melodies of this kind, would not distinguish one from the other.

But we are getting melancholy: let us turn to something a little more pleasant. Here we are at the print-shop. Ha! that’s the sort of thing; see what a crowd of delighted gapers are gathered round, enjoying this exhibition of art. What a prodigious stride in advance the producers of prints have taken within these last few years. A short time ago the best representation of a painting you could get was a translation of it into black and white, unless you chose to have that spoiled by colouring: now you have a facsimile of the thing itself, and may hang upon your walls a production which the very artist who designed the original, were he sitting at your table, would hardly distinguish from his own work.

But lo! here we are at the photographer’s shop, in company with five hundred people or more, all looking out upon us from their little frames, with looks so actually human that one almost shrinks from their gaze. Among them we discover lots of faces we have met with in our daily walks any time these seven years. There, that is Sam Spindles, the street stationer, whose stand on the kerb is a little further on; that round-faced subject in the apron is the baker at the corner; and that sentimental, poetical individual, with the turn-down collar and moustache, is the photographer himself, who, magnificent as he looks, is ready to photograph your head for a shilling, “frame included and fine weather not necessary,” at any hour of the day. Rare work has the sun made among the portrait painters, and they stand sadly in need of a protection law that shall add value to their industry. How are they to compete else with an artist up in the sky, who is ready to tackle all sorts of subjects, no matter how intricate they are, and who finishes his pictures in a style that no mortal can emulate, in four seconds of time?

And so we go on from shop to shop, and from one subject of speculation to another, as the shop suggests them—with what result we have no further space to record. We would stop at the bonnet-shop if we could, and wonder why it is that you stump orator, who is so fond of addressing crowds of brainless heads, does not pause here and get up the steam for a speech. We would like to look in at the draper’s, and learn something of the march of the Early Closing movement; we would willingly plunge nose-deep among the bookseller’s hoards, and have a smell, if we could get no more, of the new publications; we would drop in for a taste at the confectioner’s, and ditto at the fruiterer’s; and would linger a long while at the curiosity shop window, among the old armour and relics; but we are getting to the end of our month, and must in another moment shut up shop ourselves.

We must first add, however, that in October the literary societies, Athenæums, Mechanics’ Institutes, etc. of London begin to throw open their evening classes, conversaziones, and lecture-rooms for the long nights of winter, whose advent is, towards the end of this month, generally heralded by unmistakable signs. October puts on a glum face towards his end, and is given to go out with a sob and a tear or two, and a prophetic windy sigh, as though conscious that he is not leaving us Londoners in good hands, or dealing handsomely by us, in delivering us over to his gloomy successor.

THE PHENOMENA OF CRIMINAL LIFE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS FROM A PROFESSED THIEF UNDER SENTENCE OF TRANSPORTATION, TO HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS.*

My friends and brothers in adversity, now that we are reaping the first-fruits of that bitter harvest which we have taken so much pains and wasted so much precious time in sowing, I have no doubt that many of you, like myself, in the solitude of your lonely cells, with no companion but your own thoughts, and no eye but that of the Almighty upon you, occasionally call to remembrance portions of that holy volume, the neglect of which in our former career has brought us to our present condition. I remember it is there written, "Be ye sure your sins will find you out;" "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished;" "The way of transgressors is hard." On these points your experience must agree with mine. Are we not realizing in our own case the literal truth of all this to the letter? Our sins have found us out; and God and man have combined to punish us; and truly, the way in which we must walk for a long time to come is a hard, a rough, and a painful one, quite enough so to make the heart that is not entirely dead to all human emotion tremble at the prospect, even if the words above quoted had no reference to the more awful but quite as certain punishment that awaits us in a future state, unless God, in his infinite mercy, shall so soften our hearts by his grace, as to bring them with feelings of contrition and true penitence to the cross of that blessed Saviour who died to save us from the eternal and terrible consequence of our rebellion against a good and gracious God. The more I reflect upon this subject and upon my past life, my resolutions of amendment, broken almost as soon as formed, and my many feeble attempts to resist the stream of iniquity and sin in which I found myself floating, the more deeply am I convinced that nothing but the sovereign and almighty grace of our Father who is in heaven can enable any of us effectually to withstand the temptations and allurements to sin that meet us at every step, and find in every one of our hearts an inclination and strong bias towards compliance with their solicitations. As this view of the subject, however, on which I wish to address a few words to my fellow-sufferers, can be more consistently and ably delineated by others, I will not further dwell upon it; but I will simply ask each one of you, my poor fellow-sufferers, to join with me in looking at the more obvious points of our position as it is at present, as it has been in our past experience, and as it is likely to be for the future, in a temporal sense, leaving altogether out of the question the dreadful realities of eternity and a future judgment.

I am, like yourself, a convict, suffering a severe punishment for an act of dishonesty. We are separated from our friends, and from all society

that we ought to desire to be admitted into. Several of the best years of our lives are as absolutely struck out of the account, as far as respects all temporal enjoyments, benefits, or advantages, as if we remained in the grave for that period. We are doomed to live without enjoyment, and to labour hard without deriving the reward that usually—I may say almost invariably—accompanies a life of honourable exertion. The hearts of our friends, who still continue to love us, though the rest of the world regard us with abhorrence, are bleeding with anguish; and the blush of shame is upon their cheeks when they hear us named as convicts; our respectability and character are gone, if ever we had them; and if we had not, the fault rests only with ourselves. All these sufferings we have inflicted upon ourselves; all these sacrifices we have made. And for what? Where is the equivalent, the gain, the value received for this frightful outlay? I can say, for myself, that I have none, absolutely nothing; in fact, I am, in a temporal sense, poorer, worse off, in every respect, than if I had never incurred it; and I am quite sure this is the case with all of us.

If it is so with us now, let us have the courage to look back upon the career that brought us to this. Let us, like rational creatures and sensible men, calmly take a survey of the pleasures, the enjoyments, the delights, that accompanied us in our evil practices—such of us as made dishonesty and thieving the profession by which we expected to live. What incited us to enter that profession? What encouraged us to continue it? What was the prospect of reward held out? Did we not enter it with the hope of leading an easy, an idle life, with plenty of money at command, without work and without exertion? Did we find this the case? Did we not find it entailed upon us constant anxiety and disappointment; watching and following our victims for hours, or it may be days, before the opportunity offered, and then, frequent disappointment: where we expected treasure, behold emptiness, copper for gold, pebble-stones instead of jewels—literally, stones instead of bread? I know this has been the case often with many of us. Then there was the constant dread of detection, and not unfrequently, the actual occurrence of it; in which case followed punishment, labour, the scorn and execration of the community. Did we feel pleasure or satisfaction under all this? Answer yourselves, as I do—truly none. Would not a life of labour, or honourable exertion, have been better in every sense of the word, ay, and more profitable? more money might have been made by it. I know that many have been compelled to turn out in the morning, like the wild beast in the forest, to hunt down the prey before they could break their fast. I repeat the question, Where was the profit, where the gain, even if it had not brought you to what you now are? And, strange infatuation! you knew this would be the result; you knew it would all end, and that before long, in transportation. You know that all thieves, after a time, become known to the police; that they are marked men, and that they all at last get transported; that it is well nigh impossible to escape. You know those of your companions who have hitherto escaped, will follow you before your time is out. You know how

* We conclude our prison sketches with this remarkable address, taken, by permission of Rev. J. Kingsmill, from his work, entitled, "Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners." Third Edition. Longmans.

many of your companions fall before you like grass before the mower; and whether you or they fell in the first or last swathe, their and your fate was equally sure from the time you entered the profession. Let us deal with ourselves honestly, whatever we have done with others, if these are facts; and I know, and you know, they are. What fools we have been! what a bad trade we have followed! What prevented us from finding this out before we were brought to this point?

And this leads me to speak of what incited us to continue the profession; it may be, in here and there a rare instance, a prize affording the means of sensual and beastly gratification for a few days' excess, seldom more; oftener, the reward was barely the wages of a clever, active, industrious working man—for although we might get property to the value of many pounds, how little did it yield us—about 3s. for every 1l. value. Was it the pleasure we derived from the society of those who were following the same life as ourselves—their conversation, the information we derived from them? Let us look back calmly now, and weigh this point in our minds. Was not their conversation generally such as we ought to blush for? Could we venture to use the language, or express the ideas, we were constantly hearing from them, in the presence of any one of either sex of any degree of respectability? And does not our own natural sense tell us, that what we hesitate or fear to utter before the good and virtuous members of society, must be in itself very wicked? Then, again, were these parties of such character and fidelity that we could rely upon their honour and faithfulness? Was not the case exactly the reverse? Would they not over-reach, defraud, cheat, and betray their most intimate and apparently bosom friends? Were we not in constant dread of one or another amongst them saving themselves at our expense? Did we not, in short, live a life of constant toil, anxiety, suspicion, and fear, with a positive conviction that in the end our present fate would reach us? I repeat, then, have we not been fools and madmen to give up a fair chance, nay almost a certainty, of becoming, by honesty and industry, respectable and useful members of society—as husbands, fathers, citizens, and subjects—for vicious indulgence, often degrading want, contempt, abhorrence, misery, and, finally, banishment? May God, in his infinite mercy, grant that this may be the sum total of our self-inflicted punishment; that to it may not be added the bitter pangs of eternal death!

And now, my friends and brothers in suffering, it only remains just rationally and calmly to look the future in the face—I mean, as regards this life. We have been playing a losing game; in the run, by constantly doubling the stakes, we must lose all. Our life is not all expended; we are many of us young, and have a prospect of years, either of increased misery, or, in some degree, of rescued respectability and credit before us. The law has struck us this once heavily; but we may recover the effects of this blow by resolutely doing right.

I cannot use a more expressive term—let us be honest and just in all our dealings for the future. Dishonesty will not, cannot answer in any case; and now, in our case, least of all. If we do wrong

after this, the law will surely strike again, and then it will utterly destroy us. Every good gift comes from God. I know that he has given me both mental and physical powers sufficient, by their proper exercise in useful, lawful, and honourable pursuits, to live honestly, creditably, and comfortably; and I know the same is the case with you. I know that the same fixedness of purpose, the same energy and perseverance, the same ingenuity and industry, which you have exercised in unlawful and unworthy pursuits, would, if as constantly exerted in a right direction, have caused you to be now prosperous, happy, and respected members of society, instead of what we now are. I know it is the fashion amongst those who have not tasted the terrors of the law, but who are in training for it, to jeer and laugh at its penalties; but to us who are fairly involved in its meshes, and have the prospect of years of banishment from the joys of society, of love, of friendship, its reality is dreadful. Let us, then, as we value the peace and happiness of our future days, so endeavour to direct our thoughts, hopes, and actions, that we may, after our term is expired, enter the world with higher motives and purer aims, so that our latter days may be better than our beginning, and our end may be peace.

THE MILL.

As he one day passed a mill, Gotthold recollected the wise observation of a certain prince: "Man's heart is like a millstone: pour in corn, and round it goes bruising and grinding, and converting it into flour; whereas, give it no corn, and the stone indeed turns round, but only grinds itself away, and becomes ever thinner, and smaller, and narrower." Even so the heart of man requires to have always something to do, and happy he who continually occupies it with good and holy thoughts, otherwise it may soon consume and waste itself by useless anxieties, or wicked and carnal suggestions. When the millstones are not nicely adjusted, grain may indeed be poured in, but comes away only half-ground, or not ground at all. The same often happens with our heart, when our devotion is not sufficiently resolute. On such occasions, we read the finest texts without knowing what we have read, and pray without hearing our own prayers. The eye flits over the sacred page, the mouth pours forth the words, and clappers like a mill, but the heart meanwhile turns from one strange thought to another; and such reading, and such prayer, are more a useless form than a devotion acceptable to God.

My God, I too have often, in conversing with thee, been like one asleep and unconscious of what he says. Mercifully forgive me for this, and associate henceforth thy Spirit with my heart, that my prayer may be as devout as thy majesty and my own necessities require.
—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

POWER OF THE SUN.—A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railroad bridge over the Menai straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line, when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker's Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day; the little sunbeams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges, lifting it up.